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the Diamond

"Wish YOU
were here!"

1961

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Box 190,
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EDITOR
Pete Madden

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
N. MacCaud

Toronto Correspondent
Lex Schrag
Toronto Globe & Mail

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To Our Readers...

The Diamond is in the process of changing editors. The old one—me—is being retired. I'm being forced to the work camp near Gravenhurst, but while I still have a typewriter at my disposal, I'd like to use this space for my own selfish ends.

When I first took the editor's chair the job was a challenge. And then I found it was a lot of work and it became trying. About this time, we were fortunate enough to gain a foreign correspondent: Lex Schrag of the Toronto Globe & Mail. Mr. Schrag has been a regular contributor to The DIAMOND's pages for a year and a half now, but valuable as his articles have been, his moral support and interest have been of even greater help.

The new editor, Peter Madden, will be able to count on Mr. Schrag's support, too. I don't know what The DIAMOND did to warrant the interest of a foreign correspondent, but we have certainly appreciated it and any improvement the publication has shown is due in large part to Lex Schrag's efforts.

The free press of Ontario have also been generous to the magazine staff. Many columnists gave us plugs and helped boost our circulation. And our readers — YOU — have been very patient and encouraging. Without you, there would be no DIAMOND, and I would particularly like to thank all those who took the trouble to drop us a line now and again with advice or criticism. Critics are essential to a magazine if it is to improve.

And now that it's all over, I'm rather sorry to be leaving the job. Besides the fact that it was the only way I could get my own writing printed, I've enjoyed being with you for the past two years. And I hope you've enjoyed being with The DIAMOND.

N. M.

frustration

by Lex Schrag

"A charming chap!" Judge Stretch declared, taking a firmer grip on his glass. "Utterly charming! Went to all the best schools. It was a pleasure to see him in the dock. He always thanked me most politely when I sentenced him, though I recall that in one instance he fainted.

"Yes, indeed," the judge went on, "James Edward Randolph Knotpoll was really a delightful young man. But I fear he was doomed to failure in anything he undertook. Knew his family quite well. Fascinating people. James must have had a remarkable upbringing. He was born of his father's fifth marriage. His mother was twice divorced and the less charitable element of the community insisted she was an alcoholic.

"But I took no stock in idle gossip," Judge Stretch insisted. "I remember talking to her on at least two occasions when she was quite sober. She was quite rational, I am sure, in asking me to have her straightjacket removed.

"Poor Jimmy was educated with a view to making him an officer of his father's brokerage, but unfortunately the boy proved a poor student. He was quite unable to understand even the simplest mathematics, though he had splendid manners, and was much more interested in the social aspects of college life than in scholarship.

"It would be difficult to ascertain why he determined to adopt a criminal career," mused the judge. "I think, however, his father's sudden disappearance was responsible.

"When it was found the brokerage firm was bankrupt, it was necessary for Jimmy to earn his own living. He was totally untrained for any commercial or industrial occupation. He might, perhaps, have become a fairly competent truck driver if the Department of Transport would have allowed him a driving license. The department was prejudiced, I suppose, by the fact that he had wrecked three expensive convertibles before his license was permanently suspended.

"In any case," Judge Stretch explained, "the boy turned to a life of crime and, as might have been expected in a person of his social background, his first endeavor was in one of the more gentlemanly forms of illegal enterprise.

"He had a little money left when his father defaulted, so he went to New York with the intention of selling some unwary soul the George Washington Bridge," smiled the judge.

"Oddly enough, he was successful in this venture. That is to say, the chap with whom he dealt accepted the bridge, but insisted that Jimmy must trade it for the Borough of Manhattan transit system and pay over his remaining funds in addition.

"Naturally," said the judge, "when Jimmy sought to take possession of the subway, he was placed in Bellvue for several days, then deported.

"Being now completely destitute but still conscious of his social status, he essayed a bit of forgery. This escapade was a failure, too," sighed the judge.

"Jimmy was hardly to be described as a brilliant young man and he apparently became confused when he prepared a bogus cheque. He signed his own name to it, and took it to the bank which had formerly handled his funds. The teller at once checked with the accountant and was informed that Jimmy's account was already overdrawn, so the poor lad was advised to betake himself out of the establishment.

"Thoroughly disheartened," said Judge Stretch, "the unfortunate chap decided he would have to adopt sterner measures. So, next day, he returned to the bank with a pistol his father had given him when he was a child, and attempted to rob the cashier at the muzzle of this weapon.

"The cashier, however, was a family man who quickly recognized the revolver as a toy. On the pretense of bringing a heavy sack of cash around to the front of his counter, he grappled with Jimmy and held him until the police were summoned.

"This was Jimmy's first appearance before me in my official capacity," said Judge Stretch, taking a refreshing sip. "While I was keenly aware of my responsibility to the community, I had, after all, known the boy's parents, so I dealt leniently with him. After explaining to him in detail that his behaviour was unacceptable, I sent him to the penitentiary for seven years.

"It is my practice," the judge asserted, "to visit the institutions to which I must commit the men convicted in my court. I was informed that Jimmy was a model prisoner. He was quiet, well-behaved and appeared to be quite contented so long as he was not required to do any work. Since he was completely inept in all useful occupations, the authorities permitted him to spend most of his time sleeping.

"In consequence," said Judge Stretch, "he was given the maximum allowable remission of his sentence. When he was returned to society, it became evident he had been thinking during his incarceration. That is to say, when he left the penitentiary he had developed a new idea for earning his livelihood. He had decided to become a safecracker.

"I strongly suspect he had been misled by other inmates of the prison," commented the judge. "The poor chap must surely have been the butt of a practical joke — or it may be he simply did not understand what he was told.

"In any event, the police found him right in the office of a lumber company, trying to open a small safe with a can of soup. Analysis showed the soup to be chicken consommé. I had no recourse but to send him back to the penitentiary for four years.

"To make a long story short," said Judge Stretch, signalling the waiter, "Jimmy appeared twice more in my court. His next speculation was in burglary. He had evidently studied this dangerous craft during his second term, for he managed to silence the alarm system of the jewelry store into which he broke.

"However," smiled the judge, "Jimmy was always an unsophisticated soul. Mindful of the failure with the lumber company safe, he made no effort to break into the jeweler's vault. He simply helped himself to all the watches he could carry.

"When he tried to dispose of them, the prospective buyer assured him they were of very poor quality. Jimmy was affronted by this assertion and took several of them to a pawnbroker for evaluation. As might be expected, he was again in the dock of my court within a few weeks.

"My last contact with Jimmy," said the judge, glancing at his watch, "took place several years ago. The poor, deranged fellow had decided, during his several years of deliberation in the penitentiary, to become a kidnapper.

"He was essentially a kind person, so he decided not to make off with an infant for whom he could not provide adequate care. He planned to abduct a boy of 12 to 14 years and hold him for ransom.

"But, as I have said, Jimmy was neither very intelligent nor very well informed. He had only the vaguest knowledge of physiology. Hence, when he had stolen an automobile and lured a male of what seemed to him to be the optimum size into it, he made a dreadful mistake.

"He had," said Judge Stretch," attempted to kidnap one of the midget wrestlers performing at the Gardens. Consequently, when he drove towards the outskirts of the city, the wrestler calmly tied him in a knot and handed him over to the constabulary.

"Jimmy, of course, soon appeared before me," the judge concluded, rising from his chair. "It seemed that his wits had been more than a little addled by the wrestler's rough handling and by the devastating failure of his plans.

"I had no alternative," said Judge Stretch, turning towards the door, "but to send him away for the rest of his life. It was then that he fainted. From relief, I believe. Goodnight, gentlemen."

□

PAROLE Act Explained

"The public will not support a parole system if there are too many failures".

The regional representative of the National Parole Board for the Kingston area has recently introduced a new and popular method of acquainting inmates with himself and with their chances of being offered a parole. Within a month of their arrival at Collin's Bay, inmates are called to a group conference with Mr. C. A. M. Edwards, who very expertly explains the intricate policies of the National Parole Board. During their interview with Mr. Edwards, the inmates are told the things that may or may not influence the Parole Board to favour an application. They are also told that their conduct and work habits are one of the main considerations; that extraneous influences have little or nothing to do with parole chances and that their criminal record does not condemn their chances.

In ending his lectures on the subject of parole, Mr. Edwards specifies the usual responsibilities of a parolee, after which he answers any questions that inmates may care to ask. It is an innovation such as this that will eventually bring Canada's correctional system to the top of the ladder, where it will stand as a model to other countries.....as England's is today.

Besides the group discussion period with Mr. C. A. M. Edwards, there is a Parole Handbook available in our library for those inmates who would like to learn more about the policies of the National Parole Board. This informative little pamphlet was written by Mr. T. George Street, Q.C., Chairman of the National Parole Board. The pamphlet offers such information as definition of parole, function of the Parole Board, jurisdiction of the board and procedure of the board. It also informs an inmate how to apply for parole, time eligibility for a parole, conditions of a parole and methods which the board may resort to in the cases of alcoholics and drug addicts.

Paragraph number thirty seven of The Parole Handbook states that: *"The public will not support a parole system if there are too many failures. Those who fail make it difficult for themselves and other inmates. On the other hand, parole successes inspire public confidence and also improve the parole prospects of other applicants."*

Thus the success or failure of our immediate parole system is, therefore left entirely in the hands of those men who are fortunate enough to be released on parole.

Dear Mother

Another Sunday is here and almost gone. But today's been more pleasant than most because we were entertained by Don McCallum and his fine band.

Don and his group come from downtown Kingston and they really put on a good show. There were ten musicians altogether and they played their own arrangements of such all-time hits as *Blue Tango, Sweet Georgia Brown, Persian Market* and *Night Train.*

Harry Baker, a little fellow who played bass, did all the vocalizing for the band—and he did it very well, too. Harry sang *Moonlight in Vermont, Don't Take Your Love From Me* and *Ebb Tide,* receiving volleys of applause from the inmates after each.

Russ Patterson, the son of one of the officers here, came into the spotlight and played a sax solo of *Willow Weep For Me*; a slow, mood-ridden piece that starts your mind to thinking of moments of quiet contentment.

The whole show was not in that mood though, mom, because next on the programme came three swift-paced numbers by Bob Campbell, Russ Patterson and Hugh Stafford. Russ, of course, played sax while Bob played trombone and Hugh blew a trumpet. The music created by these fellows was terrific as they gave out with up-tempo renditions of *Tumbleweeds, Royal Garden Blues* and *Crazy Rhythm.*

The piano player, Paul Chabot, was once a classification officer here but none of the inmates seemed to mind. This Paul banged out his own arrangement of Hot Toddy and I bet he doesn't teach his pupils that kind of music. (He is a music teacher at one of the local high schools now.)

At just about this point in the show something unexpected happened. Much to the surprise of everyone, three inmates came out on stage. Upon seeing these members of our ranks—and presuming they were about to make fools of themselves, embarrassing the rest of us in the process—the audience became a bit fidgety and fretful. In another moment, however, we were reassured.

This inmate trio composed of Billy Mac Isaac, Dave Brown and Dick Green, was introduced as *The Sabres* and they proved to us that there was talent in here, too. They sang out their versions of *No, Not Much, Dream Lover* and *Up A Lazy River.*

Well, mom, you wouldn't believe it, but they were really good. Not professional, mind you, but with a little practice they would be right up there. The fellows all liked them and even called them back for an encore.

Don and the group then launched into the grand finale of *Roamin' in the Gloamin'.* I was sorry to see the show end because it was an afternoon of good music.

Well, mom, I guess I'll close for now. But I would like to think that you spent as enjoyable a Sunday as I did.

your son

Peter

Mr. A. J. Doerksen, former secretary to the Warden at Prince Albert Penitentiary, was recently appointed Assistant Warden at Collin's Bay. Mr. Doerksen, with 9 years' service, will be Warden Richmond's right hand in all matters dealing with organization and administration. In addition to streamlining some of the office procedures, he will also be in charge of the personnel department and act as public relations officer.

Relatively young (39), Mr. Doerksen will soon be joined by his wife and nine-year old son. He is happy about his move to Kingston—promotions usually have that effect—and feels his wife and son will like the city too.

Organization & Administration

NEW PERSONNEL: *Assistant* WARDENS APPOINTED

Service & Supply

Mr. G. R. Rogers will be the man in charge of purchasing for all trades and industrial shops. Former storekeeper at Joyceville Institution, he has 14 years with the department, 10 of them at K. P. Enthused about his promotion and eager to be on with his new job, it will be Mr. Rogers' responsibility to make sure there is full employment for inmates through a work programme.

A Kingstonian, Mr. Rogers is only 36, married, with two boys, aged seven and three.

Canadian Heritage

by Peter Madden

CANADA FIRST INHABITANTS

Many mysteries lay buried beneath the surface of the earth. There are the mysteries of life and of death. There is the mystery of humanity's great epic. From this great epic many pages are lost. One of these pages is that upon which the story of the American Indian was written—the story of their origin and history, where they came from, and why.

Through evidence made available by ethnological research we know that the Indian is a recent visitor. That is to say, he came about 20,000 years ago. Compared to evidence of other lands, this is very recent. Relics of prehistoric man have been discovered on all continents except the Americas. These relics date back 500,000 years and more. Besides this, there have been no discoveries in America to indicate that any advanced form of anthropoid ever existed. All of which proves conclusively that the Indians were not autochthonous.

Where, then, did the Indians come from?

Presumably, the Indians came from Asia. Many of the American Indians still bear a strong resemblance to oriental peoples: since in the middle ages their customs were relatively similar, it is reasonable to assume that the Indians were originally of Mongoloid stock. Also, there is the theory that Asia and America were once joined at Siberia and Alaska, which would provide them with an established route. It is known that various forms of mammal life migrated to America during the Pleistocene era, and perhaps the Indians followed the same route at some later date. Most of this reconstruction is based only on theory, which, of course, is prone to argument and possibly eventual disproval. But when the problem is reasoned out, the theory becomes very plausible.

We must consider that the customs of the nomadic Mongols correspond very closely with those of the American Indians. Both used bow and arrow as a weapon. Both wore clothes made from the skins of fur bearing animals. And both were relatively nomadic, living in tents or portable huts.

Most of the preceding report is widely accepted as truth throughout the modern world, but now we come to the fantasy part of our story. The following is the author's idea of what he thinks should have happened.

FANTASY

During ancient times in the orient, there were frequent political controversies resulting in upheaval and confusion. For years tribes had, in their nomadic search for green fields, wandered eastward. From their eastern shores they could see another land looming adventurously above the horizon. This land seemed to be crying out to them, begging them to come and partake of its wealth and beauty. The huge trees and their radiant foliage excited the imagination, and they began to search for a passage which might carry them into this land of the gods. Tribe after tribe of nomads found this route and for centuries they infiltrated the new land. When they reached this new land, they became a part of it, they came to love it and to overcome the difficulties which it imposed upon them. These were the first to come, and we shall call them the men of the bow. The men who tamed the forest and made it their home.

Those who remained in Asia were not faring so well, not even the rich people of the high places. Life was pursued as usual, but there was now a constant threat of invasion from the north west.

Warlike giants of the western mountains shook fear into every man, woman and child. Someday they would swarm across the plain and destroy the world. Legends told wild tales of the ferocity of these northern giants. Stories were told of men who had ventured into their land—none had ever returned.

These northern people were large in build and there were many of them. They could swoop swiftly down from the mountains and capture a victim like an eagle catches its prey.

During this same era, and not far inland from the mighty sea, there lived a people who also were numerous. They kept themselves sheltered behind high walls and built imitation mountains which reached into the sky. These were the people of the high place. They dressed in garments made of smooth materials and they wore bright shiny objects in their hair and around their necks. The name of this civilization is not known, but is some respects it was similar to those found in Egypt.

This forgotten civilzation of the east was the Golden Age. The surrounding tribes were loyal to the people of the high place, even if their tribesmen were sometimes used as sacrifices to the great god who lived within the rising sun, and their children were taken to work on the clay mountains. These people of the high place had indirect intercourse with the great white tribes of the west and with the elephant people and they were

well advanced in metal and architectural works.

This was the setting for the storm.

When the savage breed of the north reached the enclosed city of the people of the high place they destroyed it completely, sacking and raping. The inhabitants were forced to flee. Some of these people fled west, into the mountains. Others followed the route that the smaller tribes had taken previously and came east to America. These people carried their knowledge and some remains of their culture with them, thus allowing them to build again. Over a period of years these people pushed southward in search of warmer climate, ultimately settling in Mexico, where they came to be known as the Aztec. In later years, some of the Aztec were either banished or sent to the south as colonists. These peoples were to become the Inca and Maya.

The smaller, more primitive tribes, carried only their clothing and weapons with them, and what primitive customs they had evolved. These people were for the most part nomadic, and they remained or ventured to places where there was ample game to sustain their needs.

Thus the Indians wandered north and south, east and west, picking up new habits and forgetting some of the old ones. However, primitive habits were generally retained and basically the Indians remained very much unchanged from the time of their migration to the time when the white man arrived. The coming of the white man, however, is another story, equally interesting and equally steeped in legend. Next issue we will offer a brief account of the first white men to reach the shores of America.

DO YOU KNOW HISTORY?

Below are two column of names pertinent to our world history. The first column contains names of famous generals while the second column contains the names of battlefields. The idea of this little quiz is to connect the general to the correct battlefield.

1. Alexander the Great	a) Calcutta
2. Julius Caser	b) Quebec
3. Hannibal	c) Saratoga
4. Themistocles	d) Trafalger
5. Brock	e) Gaugamela
6. Wolfe	f) Waterloos
7. Gates	g) Queenston
8. Gordon	ii) Trasimenus
9. Wellingston	i) Trasimenus
10. Nelson	j) Salamis

Answers — 1-e, 2-g, 3-i, 4-j, 5-h, 6-b, 7-c, 8-a, 9-f, 10-d.

A ONE ACT PLAY

Heard A Rumour

by Peter Madden

Setting: Two inmates within the walls of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, watching civilian workmen dig a foundation. A well concealed tape recorder might have picked up this conversation.

Herkemer: Merg, is it true? Is that big hole in the groun' gonna be made into an auditorium?

Merg: Sure Herk. Haven't you heard the news? It's gonna be built this year, before Christmas. Ya, boy, yuh know what there's gonna be? — a real genuine basketball floor, with lines and everythin'.

Herk: Humph — probably just another rumour.

Merg: No, this ain't no rumour. I got a sneak preview of the plans.

Herk: Humph — well what'd they say?

Merg: Well, the gymnasium is gonna have an adjoinin' shower room, and when it ain't bein' used for a gymnasium, its gonna be used for an auditorium. Yep, I know 'cause I seen all this in the plans, and I been keepin' my ears open, yep, I swear that there's gonna be a nice little stage and a projection room...and, well ...its gonna be real genuine swell — and modern, too.

Herk: Ya well I don't trust 'em. Must be some gimmick behind it. Somethin's up; I can smell it. Yep, one of them guards even smiled at me yesterday — somethin's up and I wish that I could know what it's gonna be, before it just be's and takes me by surprise.

Merg: Oh, there's gonna be more than just the gym and auditorium. Sure, why in another part of the building there's gonna be two big schoolrooms and an office for the teachers. And right beside that, there's gonna be a new library. Ha — and ya should see them teachers. Why they're more fussed up about their new place than the boys are about the gym and all.

Continued On Page 28

Poem of the month

If you had the choice of two women to wed,
(Though of course the idea is quite absurd),
And the first from her heels to her dainty head
Was charming in every sense of the word:
And yet in the past (I grieve to state)
She never had been exactly 'straight'.

And the second — she was beyond all cavil,
A model of virtue, I must confess;
And yet, alas! she was dull as the devil,
And rather a dowd in the way of dress;
Though what she was lacking in wit and beauty
She more than made up for in 'sense of duty'.

Now suppose you must wed, and make no blunder,
And either would love you, and let you win her—
Which of the two would you choose, I wonder,
The stolid saint or the sparkling sinner?

Robert W. Service

A PLACE CALLED POVERTY

.... you write about the stench of slum areas, the sin and brutality, the filth and sorrow ....

by

Pete Madden

Martin Jameson sat, nervous and expectant, in the plush, spacious ante office of Quentin Cain Associates Incorporated. Martin's hands were sticky with perspiration, and they kept fidgeting with the buttons on his new white shirt. A steadily mounting anxiety concerning the forthcoming interview, tortured him cruelly.

From a railed off little booth in the centre of the office, an attractive secretary attempted to inspirit him with intermittent smiles, and friendly gestures. Martin was thankful that she was the friendly type. He had met so many secretaries lately, and they all had seemed to remain imperiously aloof. Ah yes, such beautiful, little amenities as manners and politeness seemed to have vanished. This was the age of clamorous and insistent progress, and woe to the helpless victim that should be caught in its mighty, demanding cog. But such was life, or evolution, or whatever one chose to call it.

After nearly two hours of intense anxiety, Martin was motioned to enter the inner office. By this time his new white shirt was damp. The prespiration stains showed grey beneath his armpits, and the gloss was smudged on the front, where his clammy palms had contacted the material.

Martin subdued an increasing echo of excitement, and hurriedly arranged

a calm exterior appearance. Inside the large, light-filled office, the head and shoulders of a man appeared from behind a great, mahogony desk. The man had a tiny, wrinkled face, with deeply inset grey eyes, which peered out menacingly from beneath thin white brows. The man did not speak, but sat appraising his visitor. Obviously this was Mr. Cain — Mr. Quentin Cain.

The elderly gentleman forced his eyes upon Martin until they seemed to be boring through him; then, when his subject wavered, he moved his glance onto the manuscript laying before him on the desk. For a period of about five minutes, he continued to peruse the writings, all the while emitting unintelligible gutteral noises.

Martin's future was to be decided by this man. Martin sat rigid, eagerly awaiting some sign of approval.

Mr. Cain lifted his eyes from the desk and looked straight into Martin's nervous face.

"Hmm, possibilities," he muttered to himself, then directing his speech to Martin, "This is well written Mr.. — uh — Mr. Jameson. Yes, quite well written." He paused for a moment, rolling his eyes over the ceiling, then resumed, "However, the characters are a little absurd, and I would say that the entire outline is just a bit too far fetched. As a matter of fact it is so far fetched that is becomes unrealistic — unbelievable.

Mr. Quentin Cain abruptly ceased speaking and returned his eyes to the ceiling, obviously in meditation. This young man and his book, presented a puzzling problem, but there must be a solution. Suddenly, a gruesomely, crooked smile twisted across his face. The course toward a solution was coming to him. Soon he would know the result. Soon they both would know the result.

Martin was feverish. The man behind that huge mahogony desk could open a new world for him. Would the man accept or reject Martin's work? This was the question that raced disturbingly through Martin's mind. Mr. Cain could reject the work and it would be just another incident in the course of his day's work. But to Martin it would mean a wasted decade of toil and sacrifice. It would mean lost dreams.

The intervening silence was almost unbearable. The ten long, labour laden years drifted panoramically into remembrance, smoothly severing the silence, until he was startled back to reality by the rumbling monotone of Quentin Cain.

"Mr. Jameson," he said, "I am not prepared to publish your book. At least, not in this form. As I said before, I think that you have great possibilities, but too much imagination appears in this particular piece of work. You lack the experience for this sort of writing. Hmm — I think that before you can write a book of this type, you must live it — or part of it. Mr. Jameson; it is quite apparent that you have not lived this."

"Hmm—yes," he paused, "look here, for example, where you write about poverty and its many people. You write about the stench of slum areas, the sin and brutality, the noise and filth and sorrow. I repeat that these subjects are good, only if you have experienced

them. If you had lived under such conditions, then you could present something closer to a true picture. Unfortunately you have not. At least I assume you have not." Mr. Quentin Cain listlessly leafed through the manuscript, pausing in places to scan the neatly typed paragraphs. He smiled his crooked smile.

Returning his attention to Martin, he apologized, "don't get me wrong now, Mr. Jameson. The tale has an intriguing theme. Your only mistake has been the setting. Unfortunately you have made it appear too desolate. You have exaggerated the plight of these people until it has become entirely out of proportion with reality. Now, I am willing to make you a proposal. If you are willing to make a few minor adjustments, let's say — hmm, let's say that you change the background a little. Make this story just a little more plausible, so it may be accepted and at least partially believed by the general public. If you can do this, to my liking, I will publish your book.—Well, that's my proposition. What do you say?"

Martin said nothing. The ultimatum issued by Quentin Cain struck him heavily, painfully piercing his mind; leaving there, a strange, ravenous hollow. His faculties suddenly became clouded and numbed. His body grew feverishly weak, and heavy.

With great effort, Martin lifted his weary flesh from the chair. His left hand reached out across the desk, removing the manuscript. While Quentin Cain looked on, amazed, Martin stuffed the bundle of papers into his pants pocket and without speaking a word, humbly left the office. Passing the secretary, Martin slowed his pace to bestow a smile of gratitude upon her. "Thank you," he rasped hoarsely, "you have been very kind." The lady smiled in reply, but it was too late. Martin had already marched out of the ante office and into the adjoining corridor. He hopped down the rarely used stairs, and out of the huge glass doors into the sun baked street.

Martin's pace kept in definite harmony with the tense mixture of confusion, swirling frantically about his mind. He plodded past the large department stores and the busy office buildings. It was a long way home. He felt that perhaps he would not make it. Something within him had suddenly ceased to function. As he neared each new corner, he wished that it were his last; but it wasn't. He wished that he could just crawl into some barren spot —go to sleep and never awaken. Martin was alone with himself—his disappointed mind kept conjuring up desperate schemes. He wondered if it might not be right to do what Mr. Cain had requested; he pictured himself as a miserable failure—and then he pictured himself as a success. Why could he not do this thing?

Suddenly the reason battered its way through to him. He was whole again. He straightened himself up to his full height, braced his head up into the sun, and like a conquering hero, marched briskly toward home. On and on, he hurried; past the gay cinemas, where the life of make believe was lived, and relived. The torrid, almost tropical heat brought perspiration to his forehead,

and more dampness oozing from his pores, brought dirty smears to the front of his shirt.

He was passing the last house on Kenton St. now, and proceeding toward the old, high level bridge. To Martin, this bridge represented a lonesome link between civilization and jungle. On the far side of this bridge lay Martin's home.

The scene on the far side of the bridge was familiar to Martin. He had lived there all his life. He knew every man and woman there, and he knew every hungry child. As he reached the far side of the bridge and entered the jungle, a strange feeling of ambivalent nostalgia mingled with the turmoil in his heart.

Martin's tired eyes rolled over the scene before him. What he saw was not pleasant. For a lifetime Martin had seen it and felt it and lived it. Still it was not pleasant. His tired eyes sighted the drab, grey, unpainted shacks which he and his neighbours were compelled to call home; they sighted the dirty, muddied streets; and they sighted people; people clad in tattered clothing, moving mechanically, hypnotically in the heat, straining their backs, their minds and their hearts, in order to provide for their families. He saw men growing old, and men dying, before their time. He saw children, wailing piteously for something to eat, when there was none. He saw the drunkenness and crime, fights among discontented families, and the savage bar room fights that often took an arm, a leg or a life. And Martin saw the rich, unscrupulously greedy vendors who cheated and grew fat from the sweat, the blood, and the dying life of the wretched.

Martin inhaled the putrid atmosphere, contaminated with a thousand ugly odors. He inhaled the common stink of filthy refuse and the unhealthy stench of decaying humanity.

Martin had seen all these things many times. Yes, these and many myriads of other things, Martin could tell you. He tried once. It took him ten long, dragged out years to describe how he felt about his home. Ten years of toil and sacrifice—gone.

Martin smiled sadly to the grimy, half naked urchins who raced past him. Profound sorrow gripped at him, as his mind envisioned the future prospects of the many children whom he loved and feared for. Those innocent, unsuspecting creatures; they are born into this patch of darkness. This, a sanctionless environment, where the world of leisure is forgotten, where a back must be strong and endurable, and a mind resigned to its fate.

'This is only a dream," he muttered to himself, "yes, Cain was right, it is a dream. Some day I'll wake from it."

The dream, however, was far away from his thoughts, as he turned the next corner and looked upon the ventilated, rattling old wooden shack, rotting away in the damp heat. His tormented mind tore mercilessly at itself, as he wondered with anguish how he would feed his aging mother and himself, since their total savings had bought the now tarnished white shirt, sticking to his clammy, sweat soaked body □

NIGHT YARD ARRIVES

ANYONE FOR EXERCISE

Peter Madden

A full seven hour working day was put into effect at Collin's Bay Penitentiary on April 1st. In accordance with this schedule, all daytime exercise was cancelled and, an evening exercise period was introduced. This evening exercise period is originally of one hour duration, but as the daylight hours increase throughout the summer, it will be extended until the maximum of three hours is reached. This schedule will be upheld so long as the weather permits.

The outdoor recreation period is one of the most coveted of privileges. For those who are athletically inclined there is weight lifting, basketball handball, volleyball, horseshoes, tennis and baseball. Baseball is by far the most popular sport, and it is enjoyed by almost the entire poulation. For those who would be spectators, however, there is a set of stands where they may sit leisurely in the sun while watching the events. There is sufficient space left for those who enjoy the simple life — an evening stroll and a breath of fresh air. And then, of course, there is always room reserved for those adventurous beings who prefer to sit or lay motionless in the sun, unburdening their minds of troubled thoughts, — or vice-versa. These latter are the real, sturdy backbone of our regime. Just consider their deeds — who else would lay thus beneath the sweltering sun, especially when they are not bound by duty? Ah, what strength, what courage.

But alas, this life cannot endure.

When the allotted span of leisure is terminated, the pharoahs will decree that their most humble subjects may return to their respective ranges. Here they may enjoy the usual television privileges, if they so desire, or they may play cards. The televisions are quieted and the card playing ceases at 10:30 p.m. All subjects are then restored to their respective compartments and the general population slinks softly into silent slumber — a preparation for the forthcoming day when perhaps a few of the braver souls may again venture out into the fresh air and the warm sun for — *YARD UP!*

COMMISSIONER of BASEBALL

ROBERT HUFF, *a 27-year old London, Ontario man has been appointed Commissioner of Baseball. Serving a five-year sentence, Bob is working in the kitchen as a cook. When pressed for a statement on the calibre of baseball being played at the institution this year, Bob stated:*

"I think our All-Star team, the SINNERS, is second to none and it will take a very good team to beat them. I've heard that the Commissioner of Penitentiaries has given the go-ahead for the Prince Albert team to play games outside the wall and I'd certainly like to see our team entered in a local league. The new SINNER manager is doing an excellent job and the team shows lots of spirit and sportsmanship. If the boys were allowed to go downtown to play, I think a lot more fellows would be out there trying to make the All-Star team and it would improve the leagues in here, too.

"What do I think of our leagues at present? Well, I think the teams are balanced, but I would like to see more sportsmanship in both leagues. I feel that one of the main values in sports is to learn to lose graciously and be tolerant of mistakes made by others."

Baseball at the Bay is organized into two leagues: a major and a minor. Both loops have four teams. Affiliation of teams in each league, with a major team having a "farm" team, was tried last year and proved unworkable. The Commissioner of Baseball rules over both leagues and the final decisions on trades and what league a man will play in rest with him.

The major league teams have been named after American League counterparts and the standings are very much the same, too. On top are the TIGERS, managed by L'il Bruce Beechener. Dino Kanary has his second-place YANKEES breathing down their necks. The INDIANS are in third place and act as if they had Frank Lane as GM . . . they trade frequently and have just replaced their manager: "Ripper" Martin being the new skipper. The tail-end ORIOLES are managed by Eddy Judge and have nowhere to go but up.

The minor league has three teams named after International League clubs and one after the Milwaukee Braves. The Braves manager held out for his favourite club, but John Wagner should have recruited some Aarons, Mathews, Adcocks and Spahns, too. His club is in third place, trailed only by Dick Green's RED WINGS. Joe McKeown has the reins of the second place Marlins and is trying hard to close in on the front running LEAFS. Managed by Norm Powers — who finally seems to have a winner after many losing years —the LEAFS are threatening to run off with the league pennant before July is out. The other managers pray that some of the LEAFS power will either be paroled or transferred to Beaver Creek Camp. The players, it is rumoured, are willing to co-operate.

SECTION

by

R.E. PORTER

SINNER MANAGER

Thirty-one year old BILL MAC ISAAC *was chosen to manage the prison All-Star team this year. Working in the Barber Shop, Bill is serving a nine-year sentence and was transferred to Collin's Bay just a few months ago. Originally from the Toronto - Hamilton area, Bill has been a forced resident of Kingston and district for over three years now. Asked to comment on his new position, Bill submitted the following (typewritten and double-spaced—ready for the press!):*

"It is an honour and a privilege to be appointed as the 1961 SINNER manager. I will certainly endeavour to develop a ball team worthy of being representive of the men of Collin's Bay. I can assure everyone that they will be a hustling ball club, playing as sportsmen and behaving like gentlemen, fully cognizant of their responsibilities to their fellow inmates.

"These ball players will be our emisaries to the people outside the walls and, as their manager, I feel it is my duty to cultivate the best possible men to capably represent us all. So, with these motives, we can all look forward to a rewarding season. I demand only the players' obedience; their respect I intend to earn."

HUMOUR

It was the little boy's first day at school and his father took him aside briefly, before he set forth.

"Son," he said, "you're about to go out into the world and meet other boys. Now let's get one thing straight — your dad's not going to lick their dads."

** **

A girl walked up to the information desk in a hospital and said, "I'd like to see an upturn."

"Don't you mean intern?" said the nurse.

"I guess I do, I want a contamination."

"Don't you mean an examination?" asked the nurse again.

"Yeah, I want to go to the fraternity ward."

"You mean the materniy ward," said the nurse.

The girl lost her temper and shouted: "Upturn, intern, contamination, examination, fraternity maternity. What the hell's the difference? All I know is that I haven't demonstrated for two months, and I think I'm stagnant!"

** **

Annoyed Clerk: "Little girl, I can't spend all day showing you ten cent toys. What do you want for a dime, the whole world with a red fence around it?"

Little Girl: "Let me see it."

** **

A woman died. Her lover and her husband attended the funeral. The woman's lover was crying copiously and was beside himself with grief. The husband put his arm around the lover's shoulder and said: "Don't take it so hard, Mac. I'll probably get married again."

** **

Then there was the little boy who would always take a nickle instead of the dime he was offered. One day Harry, who found amusement in this, asked his cousin from a distant city to offer the lad a nickle or dime and see which one he took. For the first time the little boy took the dime. Harry immediately asked the boy why he had taken the dime this time instead of the nickle.

The little boy replied, "You can't fool me buddy, this guy ain't gonna be around long enough for me to make a profiit."

** **

A mountaineer brought in a young man to the town doctor.

"Doc, fix up my son in law," said the mountaineer. "I shot him in the leg yesterday, and lamed him."

Said the doc: "Shame on you, shooting your own son in law."

Said the old fellow: "He warn't my son in law when I shot him."

** **

WANT TO BE A SUCCESS?

READ

Businessmen offer advice to Metro Foremen's Club

by

Lex Schrag

The Diamond is ever alert for doings in the great, wide world out yonder which bear on the interests of its resident readers. Hence, when the editor was tipped that the Foremen's Club Club of Metropolitan Toronto were holding a conference on education in mid-March, he took prompt action.

The magazine's Toronto correspondent was instructed to disguise himself by having a shave and putting on a tie, and urged to crash the parley. The deal is, most of the boarders who are persuaded to leave the comfortable cloisters of Collin's Bay have to earn a living in industry. The more they know about foremen, the better.

From the garbled report of our boy in Toronto, it appears the foremen are getting a bit sweaty over the personnel trends in commerce and industry. Management is bringing in more university grads every year. Most of the foremen went to work before they finished high school.

So they got some of the high-priced help together to tell them what they should do. And it seems the advice they got fits most of the people who work under them, too.

The speakers at the palaver were D. M. Young, general manager of a firm of management consultants; Arthur V. Pigott, director of the Canadian Association for Adult Education; J.R.H. Morgan, superintendent of Toronto secondary schools; W.L. Rowe, vice-president of the Canadian Coleman Company; and N.A. Millington, executive director of Woodgreen Community Centre.

For those in the audience who are getting bored, the advice these parties dished out could be summed up in one word: "Read!"

Management, they explained is very happy to hire people who know all about their jobs. But a skilled workman is no asset if he can't get along with other people and starts raising hell when he's given instructions.

The argument goes that the wider an education a hired hand has, the more likely he is to understand why he has to get along with his fellow-workers. When a man gets to be good at getting along with people, he's apt to be made a foreman. Then he has to know more than ever how to get along with the human race, because he's in the middle, between labor and management.

All of the big wheels who talked to the foremen made the point that most jobs can be taught in a few days, but some people can't learn to get along with the rest of the population if they live to be older than Methusaleh. And they claimed that a broad, general education was the best way of becoming civilized.

The joker who puts in a hard day's work rarely has enough steam left to take night classes, but around the Toronto area there are evening courses which range from elementary reading and writing right up to university degrees. And even the tired businessman can put in a couple of hours at night with a good book.

Needless to say, comic books and racing sheets weren't recommended. The bigdomes at the conference were talking about solid, factual stuff: history, political economy, business procedure and the like. The lad who wants to read himself to an education has only to ask his neighbourhood librarian for a list of the real McCoy.

But not all reading has to be tough going. Plenty of the classics are entertaining as well as instructive, and a good many of the better modern novels are mines of information (Michener's *Hawaii* is an excellent example).

Anyway, the conference was all for reading, as opposed to sitting and gaping at the TV set. All the TV-watcher gets is short-sighted, while the reader is just as like as not to end up knowing something.

READING MATERIAL

Speaking of reading, our library has a very fine selection of books which would make for interesting and educational reading. Some of the recent additions are exceptionally good for educational purposes, including; "The Lost Pyramid", "The Bridge at Andau", "Easter Island", "The Sea Dreamer", and many others, of both fiction and non fiction categories.

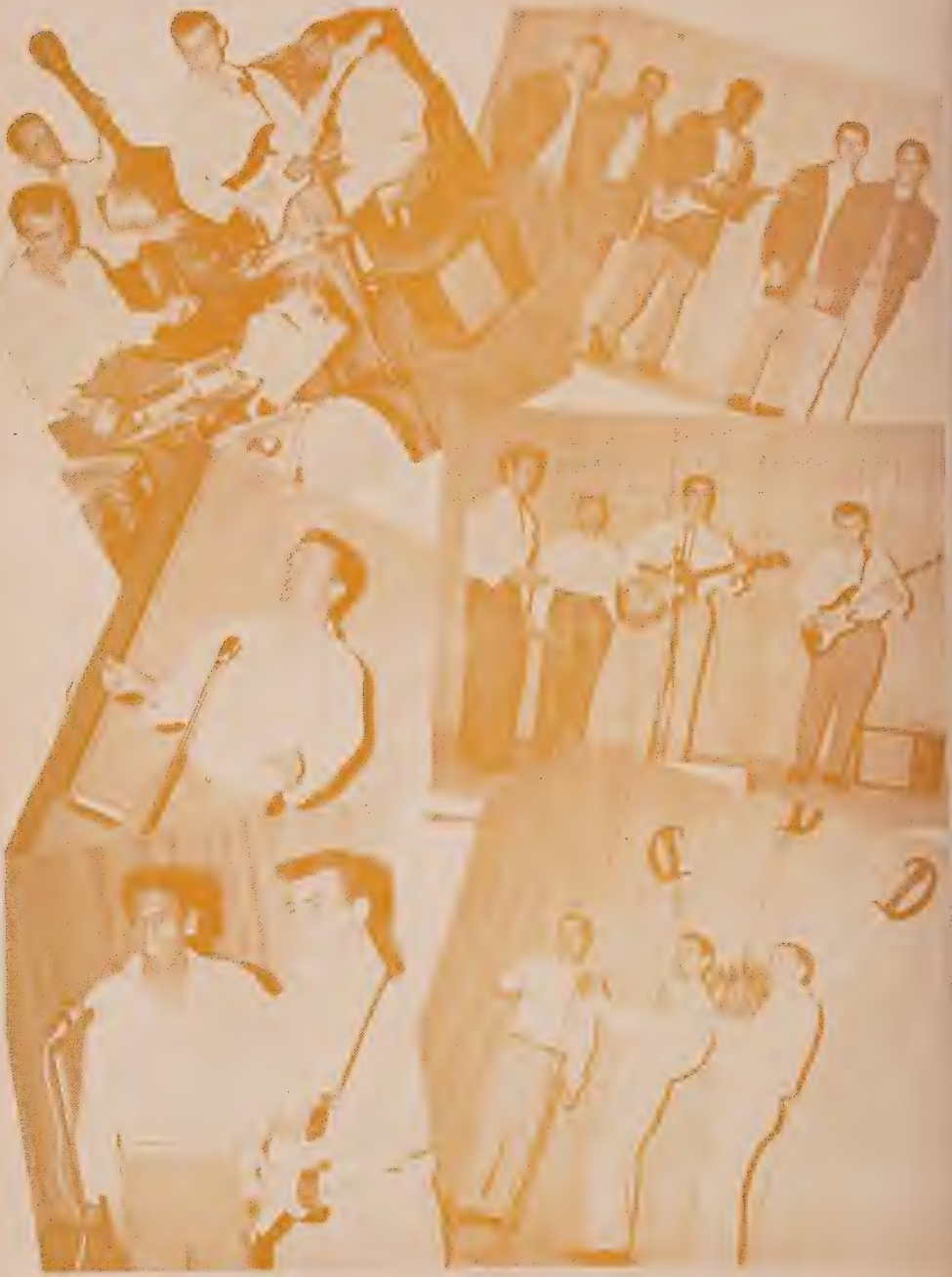
SHOW TIME

by R. E. Porter

Approximately 350 visitors attended an inmate variety show in our prison auditorium on Sunday, 28th of May. The two-and-one-half hour show was acclaimed by the audience as one of the best ever produced by the inmates of this institution.

Featuring the Collin's Bay Choristers singing a variety of semi-classical numbers and popular tunes of yesteryear (*The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Wiffenpoof Song, When Johnny Comes Marching Home* and many others) the show also included some fine soloists and a variety of vocal groups — all male.

A western group featured in the first portion of the show was lead by Committee-man Gord Tait. Gord sang *Cool Water* and *Tumblin' Tumbleweeds* backed by the voices of Larry Smith, Jack Revielle, Luce Latulippe and Roy Brazeau. John cutts' electric guitar backed Gord's strummin'. Luce Latulippe pleased the audience with a harmonic version of *Ragtime Annie.*



Sam Cleveland lead a group of spiritual singers billed as *The Deacons.* (Al Crawford, Bob Cojocar, Daryl Bell and Clarence Longlad). Toward the end of the second portion of the show this group changed to a Calypso beat and setting as they sang *Island in the Sun* and *Come Back Liza* to the delight of the audience.

The two feature vocalist of the evening were Bruno Casarin and Ted Smith. Bruno sings in the Frankie Lane style and was very effective with *Sunny Side of the Street* and *That's My Desire.* Ted Smith, who also sings tenor in the Choral Group, was one of the show's stars with his *Old Black Magic and Foggy Day* both backed adequately by the *Count Cool Quartet*: Larry Smith on bass; Jimmy Sinclair on a set of drums loaned to the group by Guard Gerry St. Onge; John Cutts on electric guitar; and Al Crawford on piano.

Two young fellows who borrowed their style from the Everly Brothers—Chester Weeks and Roly Beauregard —came through in fine fashion to please the younger portion of the audience with *Bye, Bye Love, Problems, Problems* and *Rip It Up.* Judging from the applause, the audience must have been all teenagers.

Dick Green and Billy MacIsaac made a twosome for *Waltzing Matilda* and were so well liked that the audience broke into applause half-way through their number. In the last portion of the show, these two were joined by Dave Brown to make up a trio known as *The Sabres.*

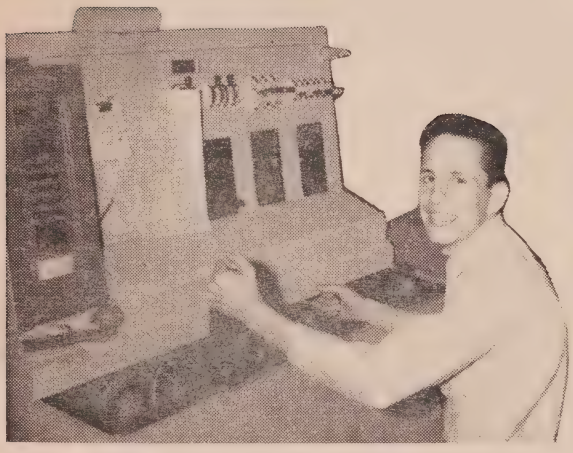
This trio sang in the modern manner and their up-tempo versions of *Walkin' Along* and *Down by the Riverside* drew loud applause. They ended the "live" part of the show on that note and then the M.C. announced that the audience would be shown a film made by the inmates of this prison. The film — a twenty-minute documentary about Collin's Bay Pen — was directed by The Diamond staff and made as part of our display for the Canadian Congress of Corrections held in Toronto in the middle of May. (This is why the magazine is a little later this month.)

After the show, the cast and some of the audience were served sandwiches and coffee in the Officers' Mess. The men in the show had again been accorded the privelege of being allowed to invite approved relatives and friends to the show and a half-hour visit was provided in the relaxed atmosphere of the dining room.

A successful show, climaxed by the relaxed visit, gave the men a feeling of accomplishment and though they were back in their cells in time for the midnight count, most lay awake for an hour or two to relive the events of the night.

For most of them it had been a happy night.

The lighting effects obtained for the variety show of May 28th are still the talk of the Bay. With Frank at the controls, the lighting was the equal of a Broadway production and enhanced the whole effect of the performance.



THING

by Tony Fortunato

The success of variety shows at Collin's Bay has been assured by a gift from the Engineering Society of Queen's University. The gift was a control panel for lighting — a bank of rheostats, for more technical readers.

The machine had been neglected and lain unused in an attic. It was in need of repair, but the basic mechanisms were intact. Four husky men deposited it at the door of the Vocational Electric shop early in April and Instructor A. J. W. Robinson assigned Frank Hart to the task of renovating the "thing".

Frank ripped it apart, traced out all the circuits and estimated the repairs. Very little new was needed and Frank soon had the machine cleaned and ready for action. The Carpenters built a new cabinet and the machine was moved to the prison auditorium for its initial test.

A new auditorium is being constructed here and with proper planning Collin's Bay should be the scene of some magnificent shows in the years to come. All the inmates here wish to express their appreciation to Queen's Engineering Society and we are sure that all future audiences will benefit by the gift.

INMATES GET PAY INCREASE

The Department of Justice Giveth. . . .

Effective April 1st, all inmates in Canada's federal prisons received substantial raises. The old scales of 12, 18 and 24¢ per day went out and a new four-grade system providing wages of 25, 35, 45 and 55¢ per day was begun. Up until July 1st, no inmate will receive more than 35¢ per day.

It is understood at this time that the two higher grades will be given only to inmates whose work is above par: the 55¢ per day being reserved for "outstanding inmates". While the raises were double what most inmates previously earned, they will still not allow anyone to live in luxury. What the raises do mean is that men being discharged from the prison will have considerably more gate money. Compulsory savings will be 10¢ per day on the first two grades and 15¢ and 20¢ on the highest scales.

The officials are not overly concerned with the amount of tobacco, ice cream or toothpaste that an inmate buys while here. But they do feel that when a man is leaving the prison he should have enough money to tide him over until he can receive that first paycheck. Under this new system, men will save a minimum of $23.00 per year and most inmates should leave the prison with close to $50. No grand sum, but a lot better than the $12 to $15 they got under the old system. Inmates serving long sentences are naturally more fortunate: they will leave with larger amounts. A man serving 25 years, for instance, could, if denied parole, leave with over $500! That should hold him until he gets his old age pension check.

. . . and the Customs & Excise Department Taketh Away. . . .

Jubilation over the pay raise was curtailed somewhat when it was learned that a rider had been attached. The price of tobacco, that luxury-become-a-necessity, was raised from 21 to 33¢ per package. Under the old wage scale, the government had been subsidizing tobacco purchases. Without the subsidy, no one would have been able to afford it. (The price hike was brought into

effect before the raise in pay. As a result, tobacco sales dropped from 1500 packages to 800 packages, though most inmates spent as much money.)

To be fair about the thing, the new wage scales are all a nickel higher than was proposed last fall. The 5¢ daily increase was designed to cover the new cost of tobacco — and it almost does.

There will be no splurge in canteen spending as a result of these raises, but it will help out in the most important area: after a man's release. It would certainly be folly to continue the policy of spending over $2,000 per year to imprison, train and reform a man, then send him out with a prison suit and enough money to see him through only a day or two. Unless a man had help, or the strongest of wills—combined, of course, with good intentions —he would almost certainly fail.

Assuming that the average sentence is three years, it costs Canada almost $6,000 per man while in prison. An additional $75 going out the gate shouldn't hurt and it might help a lot of men. It might, in fact, be the factor that changes the recidivist rate.

HEARD A RUMOUR **(Cont. from page 11)**

Herk: Propaganda — that's what it is. I tell ya they're puttin' somethin' over on us.

Merg: Y' know you're just a natural born pessimist. Y' don't trust nothin'.

Herk: No I ain't. I ain't no pessimist, I'm Irish, and besides, I been watchin' things happen' aroun' here lately, and they're mighty peculiar . . . First they gives us a raise in pay, okay. But then they goes and makes us work longer hours — ya seven of 'em. Seven hours, humph.

Then there's these two guys runnin' aroun' with movie cameras, and they got everythin' in an uproar. Humph, they could be secret agents or somethin' — then to top it all off, somebody fixed the Toronto-Detroit series. Yep somethin's up. I know't.

Guard (harshly): Hey — you two — what are you doing standing around out here?

Herk (nervously): Well, officer, to tell the honest to God's truth, we wuz just admirin' this here propa . . . I mean building, and we wuz thinkin' how nice its gonna be, with its big auditorium-gymnasium, and its two schoolrooms and library . . . yep . . . and then them shower rooms and that projection room . . . and . . . well . . . sure is gonna be nice, eh Merg?

GARAGE OPERATIONS

by Dick Green

Last year the garage completed 2538 operations on 1145 units. A lot of work for six mechanics working only six hours a day. In addition to this, a 12-man training course is run every year, with the trainees studying full-time for the first nine months and working on the floor for the remainder of the year.

The men in garage also:
Keep records on all stock required for repairs, etc.
Lubricate and wash all institutional vehicles
Repair tires
Charge batteries
Estimate charges and costs for parts and labour
Keep complete and accurate records of all shop transactions, and
Keep the shop free of all safety hazards and free of dirt and dust in an effort to make working conditions more pleasant.

The mechanic is, of course, the key man in any garage operation. But the unsung he'per, who does the cleaning of parts, the fetching of tools and the holding of pieces—usually heavy pieces—is an equally important man. Many mechanical repairs would be impossible and time consuming without an efficient helper at the mechanic's call.

Body repair and painting are functions of two specialists in our garage. They do custom work on officers' cars and also repair all institutional trucks.

Last year, forty-five custom jobs and 20 institutional repairs were completed in the body shop . These ranged from simple fender touch-ups to complete body and paint jobs. All were done to the satisfaction of the owners.

The grease monkey keeps the oil on parts and the vehicles moving. His job is to inspect the undercarriage of each vehicle and to thoroughly lubricate it. Should he find anything wrong with a car that he has up on the hoist, he reports it to his superiors immediately. He also repairs all tires: over 200 last year. The combination lubrication-tire repair man is expected to extend the same courteous service that would be received in a garage outside.

The shop cleaner is usually an inmate interested in motor vehicle repair work. He takes this job because it is a way of getting one foot in the door and if he shows an interest and initiative he will most certainly be promoted. All inmates cannot take the Vocational Garage course, and all the men who leave this shop are not trained mechanics. However, the opportunity to learn is there for an enquiring mind and a great deal of knowledge can be gained.

A man, for instance, who starts as a cleaner and progresses through the grease rack to mechanic's helper to room or records clerk, is certainly getting an all 'round knowledge of garage work and would make a competent service station operator.

He reached out in anger, seizing the lapel ...
"Yellow, yellow, yellow"! he yelled ...
"Stinking the lapel of a Captain's coat ..."

A LESSON IN COURAGE

Lieutenant Jamison sat tense as he realized the plane was nearing its destination. He looked around at the grim faces of the other men and wondered what was in their minds. Some were no doubt thinking of their wives and families; others of their sweethearts. Some sat with closed eyes and softly moving lips, praying silently to God for the opportunity to see home and loved ones again. There was no doubt that a part of them would never return from this mission, and human nature could not keep each man from praying that he would be among those to return.

A burly sergeant walked up the aisle of the plane and stopped at the door. The door watched while the bodies of eighteen men waited to plunge into a whirlwind of cold air, twisting and turning head over heels until the blessed white silk would burst out into a life preserving circle and float them gently to earth; which was for them a strange jungle, lurking with the fear and danger of death.

"All right men. Make a final check of your equipment. Zero hour in five minutes." the sergeant ordered.

A few low mumbles were heard as the men cautiously checked their clothing and equipment, making double sure that every strap was in its proper place, each snay and button secured to its attachment, then turning their backs to their buddies, who carefully checked the chute for what seemed the thousandth time.

by

Phil Herndon

A penal press reprint from

"STRAY SHOTS".

Zero hour arrived, and at the sound of the shuffling feet, the lieutenant rose and took his place in the line. One—the opening. There was no hesitation for each man realized that there was no backing down.

Lt. Jamison fell through the opening and the violent wind sucked him into a spinning descent. He pulled the rip-cord and felt a relief that no other situation had ever produced inside him as he realized the silk was taking form. He gently floated through the dark air, his mind filled with the anticipation of what lay awaiting him below.

He couldn't see where he was falling but an occasional burst of a gun and the flashing of shells told him that no matter where he landed, it would be a hell, commanded by that personage.

Suddenly, his body was tearing through trees and underbrush, and the exposed parts of his body felt the sharp sting of deep cuts and scratches, and then with a rolling thump, he was on the ground.

He pulled at the ropes of his chute and cursed under his breath, at the white give-away silk, which was holding fast to the snags in the treetops. He produced his knife from his belt, swiftly severing the ropes and straps entwined about his body. Realizing that the easy visibility of the chute would possibly attract danger, he quickly prepared to abandon both position and chute.

None of the paratroopers could be seen or heard through the dense-darkness of green mass, and as he slyly trekked through the underbrush, he popped his "cricket" every ten yards, hoping to hear the welcome sound returned by a buddy.

He squatted on his haunches and took out his compass to get his bearings. He knelt low as he peered at the luminous hands of the dial, cupped in his hands to conceal the condemning evidence of its glow from the enemies' ever-present eyes.

Suddenly, the bushes around him were filled with ripping pellets of machine gun fire. Instinctively, he fell flat on his belly and lay motionless; so filled with fear that it was impossible for him to muster even the nerve to turn his face out of the wet, soggy earth and spit out the bitter tasting mouthful he had scooped up with his lightening move.

The terrifying belch of the gun ceased then after a few seconds, spewed another burst into the underbrush, which was his only protection. He lay trembling as the bursts slackened to one or two minute intervals; and he began praying to God for deliverance from his dreadful tormentors.

The firing finally ceased completely, and only then did he feel the numbness in his legs, and the warm blood oozing down into his boots. He tried to stagger to his feet, only to fall again to the soggy earth. Then the soothing feeling of unconsciousness quietly began to unfold over his mind.

"Tica, tica, tica tica," came a familiar sound from a close part of the underbrush. The lieutenant shook his head and pounded his temples in an effort to clear his mind for the imaginary sound of an alien's cricket; but it sounded again, "Tica, tica, tica."

He fumbled for his simple, yet so valuable, communicator, and weakly pressed the flat piece of metal; dazedly, dreamily listening to the responding sound. "Tica, tica, tica, tica."

"Over here soldier . . over here," came a whisper from the bushes.

"I' . . I can't walk," answered the lieutenant.

"Then lie still. I'm coming to you."

The lieutenant listened for the sounds of his approaching rescuer, but the man was expertly efficient and he heard none until he felt his shoulders being lifted from behind, and a soft voice saying, "take it easy now. I've got a trench that's as safe as any place within a hundred miles."

As he lay on his back, staring at the dirty, bearded soldier busily bandaging his wounds, he asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm Captain Bill Galloway. You just jump?"

"Yes sir. There's seventeen more around here somewhere. We were supposed to join up, but old Joe Gook got us."

"Yes I know. I've been out here for six months and I've seen more of them than our own men." the captain said.

"Six months. You mean you haven't been replaced?" the lieutenant asked, growing more convinced that the army meant to have their men killed.

"Well, I. . .I could have gone back, but I chose to stay here."

"Man, you're crazy as a loon; you're just asking to be ki . . . ." Another burst of lead tore through the bushes and flew singing over the trench in which they lay, cutting the lieutenant's statement short. The Captain fell flat, and Lt. Jamison stiffened from his loose lying position into an even flatter one against the ground. They both lay silent, almost afraid to breathe.

"Yankee swine. . .you die. . ." came a high pitched voice from the surrounding bush. A cruel, devilish sounding voice, making both men shudder as its volume rose every few minutes, indicating that the menace was advancing closer, foot by foot through the brush. "Yankee, you die."

Lt. Jamison thought of all the stories he had read and heard concerning the war, where the Japs teased their victims into a raging anger prior to their closing in for the kill. And before, he had thought this to be a gimmick of the authors and story tellers which they used to make their tales more dramatic. But now, it was actually happening. This was no tale. He was the victim.

He thought for the first time of his forty five. He unsnapped the cover of the holster without rising from the position on his back, and withdrew the pistol. He jammed a round of ammunition into the chamber and held the gun tensely in a position of readiness. He had never killed before, but now it was a case of do or die, kill or be killed; and when it comes down to that, most men will kill.

"Captain. . .they're coming. Better get ready," he said as he rolled his head over to look at his companion.

"I'm. . .I'm as ready as I'll ever be," came the reply.

"My God, man, where's your weapon?" the lieutenant asked as he watched the captain rise to a sitting position and rest his back against the wall of the trench.

"You're crazy. . .you're crazy," the lieutenant screamed at the captain. "Where's your weapon, man? I can't hold them off by myself. Get your wea. . . ." A piercing "Banzai, Banzai," replaced the cool air and cut off the lieutenant's words. He jerked his head around to see the on-rushing figures of three enemy soldiers coming as hard and fast as they could toward the trench, shouting the blood curdling cry of attack, "Banzai, Banzai."

"Help me, captain. Help me," he begged as he pointed the .45 cal. at the enemy and pulled the trigger over and over again. He saw two of the men fall, clutching their bellies, but before he could train the pistol on the other one, the saber waving soldier had jumped into the trench and made for the captain, who had thrown his arm over his eyes and was making sounds as if he were praying.

"Look out Captain," Jamison yelled, "look out." His warning came too late, for the Jap made a thrust with his saber which seemed to slice the captain's head in half. The enemy warrior then turned and shouted, "Yankee pig" and made a lunge at Jamison. The lieutenant mustered all his strength and rolled away from the mutilating weapon just as it dug into the earth where he had been lying. Jamison pointed his .45 at the soldier's middle and pulled the trigger. The warrior's eyes rolled widely with pain and fear, and as he felt the last breath of life sweeping away from him, he forced himself erect and emitted a savagely sickening shriek. Slowly he sank to his knees onto his backside, and into death.

Jamison lay exhausted for a few seconds, then he remembered his companion. "My yellow buddy," he thought as he pulled himself over the floor of the trench toward the dead man.

He reached out in anger, seizing the lapel. He began cursing him wildly. "Yellow, yellow, yellow," he yelled. "Stinking the lapel of the Captain's coat, you yellow coward."

Then his eyes caught the glint of silver on the lapel he was twisting, and the realization of what he saw through the mud and blood filled him with hate for himself, because he had been so wrong about the Captain. He burst out into jerking sobs, and began pleading with the dead man to forgive him for his mistake. For the glint of silver he had seen through the mud and blood on the Captain's lapel was a cross.

Captain Bill Galloway was a Chaplain.

□

by Peter Madden

TO BUILD A HOUSE

The vocational carpenters of this institution are building a partially prefabricated bungalow for the Prison for Women, at Kingston. The bungalow will contain four regular rooms and a bath. It will also have oil heating, and many modern kitchen and laundry conveniences. All plumbing, heating, wiring, and metal work will be provided by the respective vocational personnel from this institution.

Kingston provided the required funds — and they will very likely dig the foundation.

The Collin's Bay vocational personnel therefore, are laden with the responsibility of buying the raw materials, building the bungalow according to specification; and, it is understood that when the parts are completed, men from this institution will erect the structure on a site, which we presume Kingston will select.

The women's prison will use this bungalow as the training centre for a home economics programme. This programme will help the girls to learn the ins and outs of household chores, such as cooking, laundry, housecleaning, and general knowledge. This little bungalow will allow the girls to become accustomed to normal, everyday living conditions, as they are in the outside world, and this is the most significant, and far reaching benefit of all.

We have received no information yet as to whether the basement will be used for anything but we do know what the other four rooms are—not surprising, since we're building them. Besides the bathroom, there will be a living room, a bedroom, a dining room and a utility room. The bathroom and utility room will have built in cupboards.

According to Mr. Huff who is vocational carpenter instructor, this is a rush job. It was requested that it be completed as soon as possible. Now, in a situation like this, the personnel concerned are somewhat 'under the gun'. This however, has failed to bother Mr. Huff. His apprentices continue to do their work as usual, taking their time and through a little extra effort, assuring themselves that things are done correctly. This is the policy to which most vocational instructors adhere, and it is a good one.

"Do the job well or not at all."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editors of The Diamond:

According to Wessely Hicks' article in to Toronto Telegram a few weeks ago, The Diamond is interesting reading.

I am enclosing one dollar for a subscription.

It must be interesting to the boys who compile these items, and I will look forward to reading them.

Yours truly,
A. D. Bennett

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is my subscription to the Diamond. I enjoy your magazine very much and hope that you will have a good year in 1961.

My January copy arrived safely and I was particularly happy with the poem by Robert Service which was enclosed. I'd been wanting that last verse and couldn't find and copy—and couldn't remember it all. Great luck to have your card with it; just what I nedeed.

Best wishes to all,

Yours Sincerely,
Donalda Dickie

Editor: *Thank you very much for the compliments — also for the donation.*

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your inspiring publication, which I received through a friend. I truly enjoyed every article and I especially enjoyed the article on CKCB. It is just wonderful how two men work so hard to bring a little enjoyment into one's life through music.

My hat goes off to them and most of all to Frank Brewer, who must put in so many hours to brighten up the inmates' lives with music.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Dorothy Montgomery,
Hamilton

Editor: *We passed your praise along to the men in the radio room. They say the only recognition they get comes from people outside and they're all for more of it!*

the discharge....

A man was released from this prison the other day.

I happened to be sitting by the Warden's office, waiting for an interview, when this man came out. The Warden had just talked with him — as he does with all men being discharged. The man was happy and he nodded and smiled at me.

The Warden's secretary called him over to a desk just in front of my chair. I couldn't help but hear the conversation.

"Where are you going when you leave?"

"Where? Well.....to Toronto," the man replied.

"Yes, but where in Toronto? Where would you like to have your mail sent?" pursued the Warden's secretary.

The man brightened, "Oh, you don't have to worry about that. I never get any mail." He spoke matter-of-factly. To him this was a status that he had accepted long ago.

"But what if the Warden or one of the instructors wanted to get in touch with you? How would we find you? Don't you know where you're going to live?"

"Well, no, I don't. I'm going to Toronto, but I won't know where I'm living until I go to see the John Howard Society."

The Warden's secretary wrote this down, and the man turned to leave. He wore a dark brown prison suit; carried no other baggage. His shoes were not regular discharge issue, but worn. He probably brought them in with him two years ago.

A good looking, husky youth, but not the brightest person in the world, he wouldn't be classed as stupid, either. He had been jailed, done his time with a minimum of trouble, and now he was leaving.

He turned to me, smiled and said, "So long, Norm. Take good care of yourself and lots of luck."

I fumbled a reply, shook his hand, and he left.

He left with sixteen dollars, a prison suit and hope for the future. No friends or relatives had written to him while he was here. And no one met him at the gate. A prison officer escorted him to the train. He hoped to see the John Howard Society when he reached Toronto.

I couldn't help but weigh his chances. I knew he meant to straighten out, but I knew it was going to be hard for him. He needed a strong resolve to go through those first hard weeks — or maybe months.

I wish I hadn't fumbled my last words with him. I meant to wish him luck, too.....

....he'll need it.

N.M.